

FACTS AND FANCIES FOR WOMAN AND THE HOME CIRCLE

How Peter Was Going to Have Hal's Papa Marry Aunt Grace

Peter and Hal were eating sandwiches on the back porch.

"Gee," said Hal between bits, "I wish I had a mamma to give me sandwiches and things. If I asked the cook, she fusses; and if I ask the housekeeper, she tells me it isn't healthy; and then I have to go to the store and get candy or something."

After Hal had gone Peter thought the matter over. Who did he know that would make Hal a good mother? Just then Aunt Grace came tripping up the walk. She got a kiss in payment for a peppermint and went on in the house. Peter heard her tell mamma that she had come for supper. He had a sudden idea. Why not Aunt Grace? She was pretty, and Hal already liked her. He had called her a "peach" that very day. That she would give him sandwiches Peter was sure.

Peter ran into his mother. "Mamma, Hal says he and his dad get awful lonesome at night. Couldn't they come over after supper and we could pop corn and play the new record Daddy brought home tonight?"

Mamma was quite pleased. "Way, yes, I guess so. Hal's papa certainly seems very nice."

So Peter ran to invite them and things went Peter's way very nicely. Hal's papa, who was still rather young and certainly very handsome, helped Aunt Grace pop the corn and seemed to like her very much.

"Now," Peter said to himself, "if they can only be alone a little while, perhaps he will ask her."

So when mamma went upstairs to tuck the twins in beds, Peter took Hal into the dining room to show him his new checker board and then called papa to ask him a question, but papa was no sooner safely in the dining room than he called Hal's papa too, and they were soon deep in a checker game. Peter sulked until the company was gone.

"What's the matter, old man?" asked papa, as he took Peter to bed.

"O," said Peter in disgust, "I was agonna have Hal's papa marry Aunt Grace but you went and spoiled it all."

Papa was too amazed to speak. Then he said:

"Peter, do you know where matches are made?"

"It wasn't matches Hal wanted," said Peter stiffly, "it was sandwiches."

—Helen Carpenter Moore.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

July First.

By DORA MOLLAN.
(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

ARDINE HUNTER was in love with herself and the world as she tripped down the street one fair morning in the late spring of the year 1910. To Ardine the world was synonymous with Bruce Stebbins, and love was the rose colored glass through which every event of her life was transformed.

Old Tom Twist, the town bum, had once looked out on the world through rose spectacles himself, but that was long ago. Now he was standing before the bar in Maroney's saloon, surly gazing into a glass of a potent something that Maroney labeled "rye."

"Great stuff, Tom," the bartender remarked with a cynical grin as he replaced the bottle under the bar; "the old man's putting glue in it now."

"What for the glue?" grunted Tom. "So's it'll stick to the ribs of the like of you and save you from seeing the pink and green wigglers after the first of July."

"You go to blazes!" And Tom swallowed the dubious liquid at a gulp and lurched away. Out through the swinging door staggered the reprobate stumbling across the sidewalk even as Ardine wrapped in dreams of her approaching wedding floated along the pavement as if on ice.

Brought rudely back to material things by the sight of the pitiable creature, the disarrayed Miss Hunter side stepped just in time to avoid personal contact, and, with a look pregnant with disgust continued on her way.

That way led to the house of Miss Fanning, "modiste" for this was the occasion of the all-important last fitting of the wedding gown. But an ever so tiny speck had appeared on the unblemished surface of the rose-colored glass, an infinitesimal fly in the ointment of her bliss. Ardine's feet again trod more earth, and a little pucker came to the high forehead above the straight penciled brows.

It was caused by some words of her uncle, sharply resented at the time but quickly forgotten until now. Bruce was a member of the uncle's club, "Ardine," her relative had said, "the boy is drinking a bit too much. Better head him off now while your influence is strong." Old Tom Twist's plunging appearance in her path had brought the advice to mind, of course, and she had been ridiculous, Ardine soliloquized. Her uncle was a straightlaced conservative anyway. All their crowd drank more or less to be sure. But July first was not far off—that sort of thing would die a natural death. Meanwhile they let the admonition of a fussy man mar such complete happiness! Ardine resolved that she wouldn't.

By the time the prospective bride, attired in the nearly completed wedding gown, gazed with approving eyes at her own image reflected in Miss Fanning's pier glass the slight speck on her radiant happiness had vanished utterly.

Miss Fanning was reminiscing. "This is the twenty-fifth bridal gown I have made. Let's see. The first one was for poor, unfortunate Isabelle Stangers. She little knew when she stood right where you are standing, what life had in store for her when she married Tom Twist."

"I'll all the skirt just a trifle more, my dear, so you can take a decent sized step. You look very sweet indeed." But Ardine's thoughts were on the first part of Miss Fanning's speech. "Do you mean that drunken bum of a Tom Twist? Did you really make his wife's wedding gown?"

"Yes, but he wasn't a drunken bum in those days, Miss Hunter. He was a good looking young fellow who drank just a bit too much. Disgrace and poverty killed his wife eventually—and now look at him."

From then on the talk had to do with such technical things as the length of the sleeves and the new waist line. On the way home, however, the twist tragedy and her uncle's warning haunted Ardine, but she resolutely dismissed them for the second time until Bruce himself brought the subject to mind that evening. When the somewhat prolonged greetings were over Bruce exclaimed, enthusiastically:

"Say, Ardine, I've got a dandy chance to buy a stock of liquors that with care ought to last us two or three years. They're dirt cheap compared with present prices, too. Old Featherstone's estate—Billy Johnston is the administrator. Something will happen before it's all gone. The country will

not stand this prohibition stuff long, believe me!"

Ardine looked thoughtful. "How much will it cost, Bruce?"

"About eight hundred dollars—less than half value. We'll have to cut out something else, maybe that new sun parlor; but we can have that later. And of course we've got to have something for the crowd of men when they drop in. The best people will expect it, as usual."

"Such as Tom Twist?" returned Ardine. "Bruce, I won't stand for doing without that sun parlor. It would simply spoil the house!"

But why relate in detail the discussion which followed? For the first time since the engagement they disagreed. The good night kiss was omitted and angry words took its place.

That night Ardine had a terrible dream. She was passing once more by Maroney's saloon and again old Tom Twist lurched through the door. But this time he made directly toward her with upraised fist—and his features were those of Bruce Stebbins. With a scream the girl awakened, but there was no more sleep for her that night.

Bruce was thoroughly angry when he left the Hunter's house and in no mood to go home. Instead he stopped in at the club, and running into a crowd who were celebrating for the thirtieth time the "funeral of John Barleycorn" joined the mourners.

It was morning when the joyful obsequies were finished and it was much later, too late to report at the office, even had he felt in condition to do so when Bruce awoke.

There was nothing to do, of course, but telephone in that he was ill. Bruce knew the excuse would not be given credence. The superintendent had been in the club the night before—so had Ardine's uncle. It wasn't. And then came a note from Ardine.

Bruce tore it open gloomily, expecting upbraiding and verbal tears. Uncle had told of course! But not in vain had Ardine pondered through the long, sleepless hours. And the contents of the letter upset the man far more than pleading or remonstrance.

In simple words Ardine had written of what Miss Fanning had told her, and of her dream. "But Bruce dear," she had finished "I have all the faith in the world in you. I withdraw my objection to the purchase of that liquor, safe in the belief that you love me too much to bring disgrace near me. And I have told uncle that what happened last night was my fault."

For fully an hour Bruce Stebbins stared at the letter. Then he made the decision which removed the infinitesimal speck from the rose-colored glass and made July 1 a date of no significance for him. He climbed up on the water wagon and sat down hard.

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With the Sona-Tone you can enjoy the world's best music because the Sona-Tone is designed to play "better" all records of all makes. The adaptability of the Sona-Tone to all records is one of its special features—any needle may be used, including the jewel point, sapphire ball—all without extra cost.—Van Wirt & Bromley, Cor. Washington and Jefferson Sts.—Adv.

Confessions of a Bride.

Will be found on Page Two

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Offers Many Exceptional Bargains

Osgood's
for
Quality

Today, Tomorrow, Wednesday and Thursday Freshened Stocks Will Be Ready for You

INCLUDING NEW MODES AT SAVING PRICES

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Two Interesting Groups Are
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The attractive displays in this special selling are augmented with additional Coats and Dolmans from our regular stocks. Among them will be found many styles and a wide range of materials suitable for both the coolness of summer and later seasons as well. Evidence is plain that these handsome Wraps will give extended service and the prices are very unusual.

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Several attractive Suits fashioned to give good service are reduced.
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Values at

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are priced unusually LOW.

A wide range of styles in Wash Skirts made of excellent Gabardine have been selected for this selling. They are shown in two groups and come in all sizes.

\$4.00 Values \$2.95
at
\$6.95 Values \$4.95
at

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ARE POSSIBLE

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Notably Reduced During
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Values Up to \$5.00.

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Values Up to \$10.00.

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Values Up to \$15.00.

Wash Frock Featureings Selected Offerings at Two Prices

We have added to the Wash Frock displays a number which will attract wide interest. In delightful styles and serviceable Voiles, Gingham, etc.

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Offerings may be had in Georgette, Silk Meteor, Crepe de Chine, Satins and Foulards in afternoon and street models.

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Reduced to \$15.00



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Clever Gatherings Are
Specially Re-Priced.

The original seventy Suits selected and specially reduced for this before the Fourth selling have been rounded out with several new garments. Choice styles and good materials—among the best of our regular lines—may be had in Serges and Poirer Twills in a complete range of both regular and stout sizes at these reductions.

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We have arranged a new offering in the shape of clever Georgette and Crepe de Chine Blouses greatly under-priced. The number is limited but includes all sizes.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(TOM SURE HAD SOME BUSH)—BY ALLMAN.

